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OFFICE—CORNER OF MACDONALD AND
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Lines by Lord Byron.

The following lines are exquisite. Sir
Walter Scott is said to have considered them
the best that Byron ever wrote:

There is a mystic thread of life
No deity weaved with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both, or none.

There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight,
By day that form their joy supplies,
And I dream supply it thro' the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture thro' my breast,
I would not hear a sapphire choir
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a cheek whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek,
But pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip which mine hath pressed,
And none had ever pressed before,
I vowed to make the sweetly blest,
And mine, mine only, pressed it more.

There is a home in all my own,
Hath primed off this arched head,
A mouth which smiles on my alone,
An eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts whose movements
Throb in union so closely sweet,
That pulse to pulse, responsive still,
They both must heave or cease to beat.

There are two souls whose equal flow
In gentle dreams so calmly run,
That when they part—they part!—ah,
no!

They cannot part, these souls are one.

Quick Work.

An exchange relates the story of a Judge
who was recently called upon by a very re-
spectable man, Mr. E., to unite him in mar-
riage to a Miss—. He performed the cer-
emony in a most capital manner, and to the
satisfaction of all parties interested. Dur-
ing the evening, while all was going on in
a merry style, the bride-groom drank the
health of the Judge, and pledged him that
his first-born should be his namesake. This,
the Judge told him, he should consider high-
ly complimentary, and thanked him much
for it. The sequel proved that before the
day dawned again the bride was delivered
of a fine healthy boy, weighing some 12
pounds. Of course it was not many hours
before the members of the bar got wind of
the matter, and the Judge was driven al-
most to madness by their congratulations in
reason having a namesake. The Judge's
court being in session, Mr. E., immediately
applied for a divorce, which he, in his mercy,
granted instantly.

An absent-minded editor, having courted
a girl, and applied to her father for permis-
sion to marry her, the old man said:

"Well, you want my girl. What kind of
a settlement will you make—what will you
give her?"

"Give her!" replied the editor, looking
up vacantly. "O, I will give her a *rupee*."

"Take her," replied the gentleman.

The Editor of an exchange says he
never saw but one ghost, and that was the
ghost of a snapper who died without paying
for his paper. "Twice horrible to look
upon."

Can you return my love, most ador-
able Julia? "Certainly, sir. I don't want
it, it's ours."

News from Europe.

BALTIMORE, May 23.

The Paris correspondent of the N. York
Times says: The French are taking great
care that the movements of the French and
Sardinians should be kept quiet. In regard
to army movements, the opinion prevails
now at Paris, that the first battle will be a
great one, but whether it take place in
front of Alexandria, or higher up, is a
matter of conjecture. All the news from
the seat of war—and the French Govern-
ment is already publishing official bulletins
here—points to the concentration of the
Austrian forces into one principal body, and
this body, with detached bodies acting as
divisions, is slowly advancing in the direc-
tion of Alexandria. It would be incredible
that the Austrians should again seek the
battle field of Marengo for a grand battle
with the French, and yet they appear to be
marching upon Alexandria in that direction.
It is generally conjectured that the Austrian
plan of the campaign has been changed.—
They had promised their soldiers the plun-
der of the city of Turin. Deserters uni-
formly assert the fact, but the speedy ar-
rival of the French destroyed this plan, and
convinced them of the necessity of adopt-
ing some other tactics. The loss of time
has been to them deplorable, and there is
reason to believe that great indecision reigned
in the Austrian camp for several days.

The march of General Gaisui into Pied-
mont, and his marchings and countermarch-
ing in the twenty-five miles space be-
tween the Ticino and his advanced posts,
seems to have had no other design than
that of plunder.

The opinion generally promulgated in Eu-
rope before the war, that Austria would be
obliged to commence hostilities in spite of
the Congress, in order to give its army some-
thing to eat, is now doubly confirmed. The
whole country has been despoiled by such
a rate of exorbitant and cruel exactions, as
would have disgraced the barbarous ages of
warfare in most localities. It is said that al-
most between 21 and 45 years of age, have
been enrolled, by force, in the Austrian ar-
my, and sent back to the Italian frontier at
Austria, where escape is impossible.

The exactions in money and rations are
so enormous on each village or town occu-
pied, that if the Austrian occupation were
to cease to-day, the country would require
a generation to recover from its prostration.

The King, Victor Emmanuel, deeply grieved
at the sufferings of his subjects, has sent
a protest to Count Gyulai, not as King, but
as Commander-in-Chief of the Sardinian ar-
my, desiring to know how the Austrian ar-
my intends to make war—whether as sol-
diers or as brigands. It would seem, in fact,
from present indications, that Austria only
invaded Piedmont in order to replenish her
army stores, and then to fall back under the
protection of the strong-holds of Lombardy.

No American or other foreign officers will
be allowed to enter French service. It has
also been announced that not a single news-
paper correspondent will be permitted to
enter the allied camps. By exception, Emile
Augier, member of the French Academy,
has obtained permission to join the prince
Napoleon but not by any means in the capacity
of a journalist.

The Emperor will take with him, to be
placed under the charge of Marshal Val-
lant, a printing service from the govern-
ment office, which will furnish the bulletins
which it is deemed proper to give to the public.

Prussia arms, but the Prince Regent is
averse to give support to Austria. He points
to the 47th section of the Vienna treaties
about the German Federation, which runs as
follows: "If any Federal State, possessing
likewise provinces not included in the terri-
tory of the Federation, should begin war in
its character of a European power, such a
war, not involving the relations and duties
of the Federation, will remain foreign to the
Federation." Thus when Holland was at-
tacked by the insurgent Belgians Germany
remained neutral, though the Duchy of Lux-
emburg belongs to the Federation, and was
disturbed by the Belgian war of indepen-
dence.

The Czar encourages these pacific views.
Southern Germany, however, is raving
against Napoleon, and in her sudden sym-
pathy for Austria swallows even the concordat.
The Wurtemberg Diet has rejected the
proposition for calling together the Ger-
man Parliament at Frankfurt, and insists

upon a defiant attitude towards France.

These Southern Germans have no sym-
pathy with Italian independence. Oppressed
by their princes, they are proud of Austria,
on the ground that she maintains the su-
premaccy of the German nation by impos-
ing her hateful yoke on Lombards, Vene-
tians, Hungarians, and Slavonians. But
some of the Liberal leaders dissent from
these views. Carl Vogt, the eminent physi-
ologist, and late member of the Frankfurt
Parliament, writes in a letter which I am
authenticated to publish:

"I am ashamed of the support given by
Germany to that 'Capus of spirit,' to that
shameful concordat, Austria. I preach to
the exclusion of all non-German provinces
of the German Confederation, the union of
the German nation, and the abandon-
ment of Austria, in order to give a free scope
not only to Italy, but likewise to Hungary
and to the Slavonic provinces. If Bonapartism
is death, then Austria is eternal damna-
tion; and if we can destroy the latter, we
take away all terror from the former, and
bring it down to the rank of a simple acci-
dent."

THE FRENCH NATIONAL SPIRIT.

A Paris correspondent of the Independence
Beige writes.

The young Duc de Chartres, who, as has
been stated, will take part in the war under
Piedmontese flag, holds a rank of sub-lieuten-
ant in the regiment of dragons at Nice,
commanded by General Coccia. The partici-
pation by a grandson of King Louis Phil-
ippe in a contest undertaken under such cir-
cumstances may astonish some people; but
there was no motive which could justify a
French Prince, who had become a soldier, in
even dreaming of abstention at a moment
when the rust of cannon is heard, nor could
any political consideration weigh with him
against a duty of honor.

The New York Herald publishes the fol-
lowing letter, dated Turin, May 3:

I have still more secret and important in-
telligence to communicate to you. Kossuth,
of whom nobody has heard in England for
some time, or even here, is secretly at work
in Sardinia, where he is incognito, and hold-
ing communication by means of emissaries
with the Hungarian portion of the Austrian
army—one-third of the whole, and the very
troop which formerly defeated the Austrians
under his authority, and which have been
removed to Italy in order to keep them as
far as possible from their native land. Here
they have been fraternizing with the Italians
through the instrumentality of Kossuth, and
probably will revolt in a body, at last. Al-
ready there is division and dissension be-
tween the Austrian and Hungarian com-
manders, and that is another reason which
accounts for the tardy movements of the
Austrian troops.

Anecdote of Tom Thumb.

Gallignani's Paris Messenger, speaking
of the "Little General," who lately visited
this city, tells the following anecdote of
him:—The General has now attained his
twenty-first year, and though "in mind a
man," is "in bulk less than a baby still."
It is told of him that in a recent angry
discussion with his mother, in whose favor he
had previously made his will, the same men-
aced his little person with a flogging unless
he complied with her wishes. But Tom,
notwithstanding, continued to hold out, until
finding himself suspended in mid-air in one
hand, and the birch ready to be applied in the
other, he roared out at the top of his infan-
tine voice, "Mind what you are about, mo-
ther, if you hit me, I'll change my will,
you may depend on it," and the birch, as by
enchantment, fell harmless from the up-lifted
hand.

A Safe Shower-Bath.

"Well, how did your wife manage her
shower-bath, deacon?" Deacon—"She had
real good luck. Madame Moody told her
how she managed. She said she had a large
oiled cap, with a cape to it, like a fireman's,
that came all over her shoulders, and—"
Doctor—"She's a fool for her pains, that's
not the way." Deacon—"So my wife
thought." Doctor your wife did nothing of
the sort, I hope." Deacon—"Oh, no, doc-
tor, she used an umbrella." Doctor "What?
used an umbrella? Zounds! What good did
the shower-bath do her?" Deacon—"She
said she felt better. Her clothes wasn't wet
a mite. She sat under the umbrella for
half an hour, till all the water had trickled
off, and said, 'twas cool and delightful, and
just like a shower in the summer."

The Beautiful Land.

BY HARRY CRAWFELL.

There is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands,
Beside the ancient portal
A sentry grimly stands.
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortals never more.

That glorious land is Heaven,
And death the sentry grim;
The Lord there has given
The opening keys to him.
And ransom'd spirits, sighing
And sorrowing for sin,
Do pass the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.

Though dark and drear the passage,
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed,
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From the cross to glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears,
Their journey homeward winging,
They leave to earth their fears,
Death like an angel seemeth,
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die.

Books and their Influence.

How many homes are destitute and void
of those treasures—books, too, where are
displayed all the little gewgaws to attract the
eye. Often have we entered the parlor of
those in middle circumstances, where every
stand, side-table or shelf had upon it some
weak-minded person's taste displayed, but in
the way of books, not one was to be seen.
Parents, many of them having large fami-
lies, are likewise bereft of these valuable
companions, save, in many instances, the
family Bible, and the torn and scribbled
school books of their children. Did they
only know that by selecting a few or a well-
chosen assortment of books, and from time
to time making additions, a handsome li-
brary might be formed, which should be
within the reach of all, and that many a wil-
dowing boy might be kept from the streets,
and from mingling with the pernicious in-
fluences which invariably must surround him.

Books, to an aspiring mind, have a charm,
A fascination that never tires; they take
hold of thought and enchain you within
their precincts, and by cultivating this taste
it moulds and softens their very nature, as
well as adding information at the same time.

Strange as it may appear, we form an
opinion at once of a family where we see
no books around; it is to us like a garden
where are no flowers; a space filled and
choked up with weeds; therefore, we say to
those who are lacking and deficient of these
valuable ornaments, by all means and with-
out delay make your selections, for home
without them is barren, a day without a
sun.—[New York Mercury.]

HARDY.—Adam Shaker, a number of
years ago, came to Huntington Furnace,
and seeing there, for the first time, a pair of
snuffers, he asked:

"What's them fer?"

"To snuff the candle."

"To snuff the candle!"

The candle just then needed attention,
and Adam, with his thumb and finger, pinch-
ed off the snuff, and carefully poked it into
the snuffers, saying:

"Well, now, them's handy."

Dr. Hiram Cox, a chemist of Ohio,
states that during two years he has made
379 inspections of various kinds of liquors,
and has found nine-tenths of them poisonous
concoctions. Of brandy, he found one gal-
lon in one hundred parts of wine, not a
gallon in a thousand, but generally made of
whisky as a basis, with poisonous articles
for condiments. Not a drop of Maderia
wine has been made in that island since
1851. The whisky he inspected, some of
it contained sulphuric acid enough in a
quart to eat a hole through a man's stomach.

General Baresgy De Hilliers is to
command one of the French divisions in
the war with Sardinia. He served under
the first Napoleon in Italy in 1796 and 1797.
He was in Egypt under Napoleon. He has
been in the French army over sixty years
and is over ninety.

Be truthful, Always.

This little story, copied from an exchange
paper, is excellent. Read, boys, and take
its lessons well to heart:

"Two country lads came at an early hour
to a market town, and arranging their little
stands, sat down to wait for customers. One
was furnished with fruits and vegetables of
the boy's own raising, and the other sup-
plied with clams and fish. The market hours
passed along, and each little merchant saw
with pleasure his store steadily decreasing,
and an equivalent in silver bits shining in
his little money cup. The last melon lay
on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came
by, and placing his hand upon it, said:
'What a fine large melon; I think I must
have this for my dinner. What do you ask
for it my boy?'"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and
though it looks very fair, there is an unsound
spot on the other side," said the boy turning
it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I
will not take it. But," he added, looking
into the boy's face open countenance, "it is
very unbusiness-like to point out the defects
of your fruits to customers."

"It is better than being dishonest, sir,"
said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, my little fellow; always
remember that principle, and you will find
favor with God and men also. You have
nothing else I wish for this morning, but I
shall remember your little stand in future.
Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turn-
ing to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught
them myself," was the reply; and a purchase
being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you was to show the
gentleman that spot in the melon. Now,
you can take it home for your pains, or
throw it away. How much wiser is he about
these clams I caught yesterday. Sold them
for the same price I did the fresh ones.
He would never have looked at the melon
until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one
either, for twice what I have earned this
morning. Besides I shall be better off in
the end, for I have gained a customer, and
you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the
gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and
vegetables of Harry, but never invested an-
other penny at the stand of his neighbor.
Thus the season passed; the gentleman
finding he could always get a good article of
Harry, continually patronized him, and some-
times talked with him a few minutes about
his future hopes and prospects. To become
a merchant was his great ambition, and
when the winter came on, the gentleman
wanting a trusty boy for his store, decided
on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and
surely he advanced in the confidence of his
employer, until, having passed through vari-
ous gradations of clerkship, he became at
length an honored partner in the firm.

DEATH OF BARON HUMBOLDT.—The death
of this distinguished traveler, naturalist,
and Philosopher has already been an-
nounced by telegraph. Frederick Henry
Alexander von Humboldt was born at Berlin,
September 14, 1769. He was educated at
Gottingen and Frankfurt-on-the-Oder. In
1792, he was appointed as overseer of the
mines of Franconia, but relinquished this po-
sition in 1796 from his strong inclination to
travel. He extended tours through South
America, the West Indies, and Mexico, in
company with his friend Bonpland, from
1799 to 1804, and well known from their
joint work containing the results of their
travels, published at Paris in 1810 and sub-
sequent years. The remainder of his life
was devoted chiefly to scientific labors. His
last and greatest work is "Cosmos," the
final volume of which, he had completed,
though not yet published.

The New Albany Tribune states
that the Indiana Asbury Female College is
to be converted from the feminine gender
into the common, as boys and girls are
both to be received at the beginning of the
next term. This change meets with the
favor of the friends of the school, and we
believe Mr. Rawlins has acted wisely in de-
termining to change the character of the in-
stitution.

A sailor, looking very serious in a
Methodist country church was asked by a
minister if he felt any change?
"Nary red!" said Jack.